

# OUR DUMB Animals

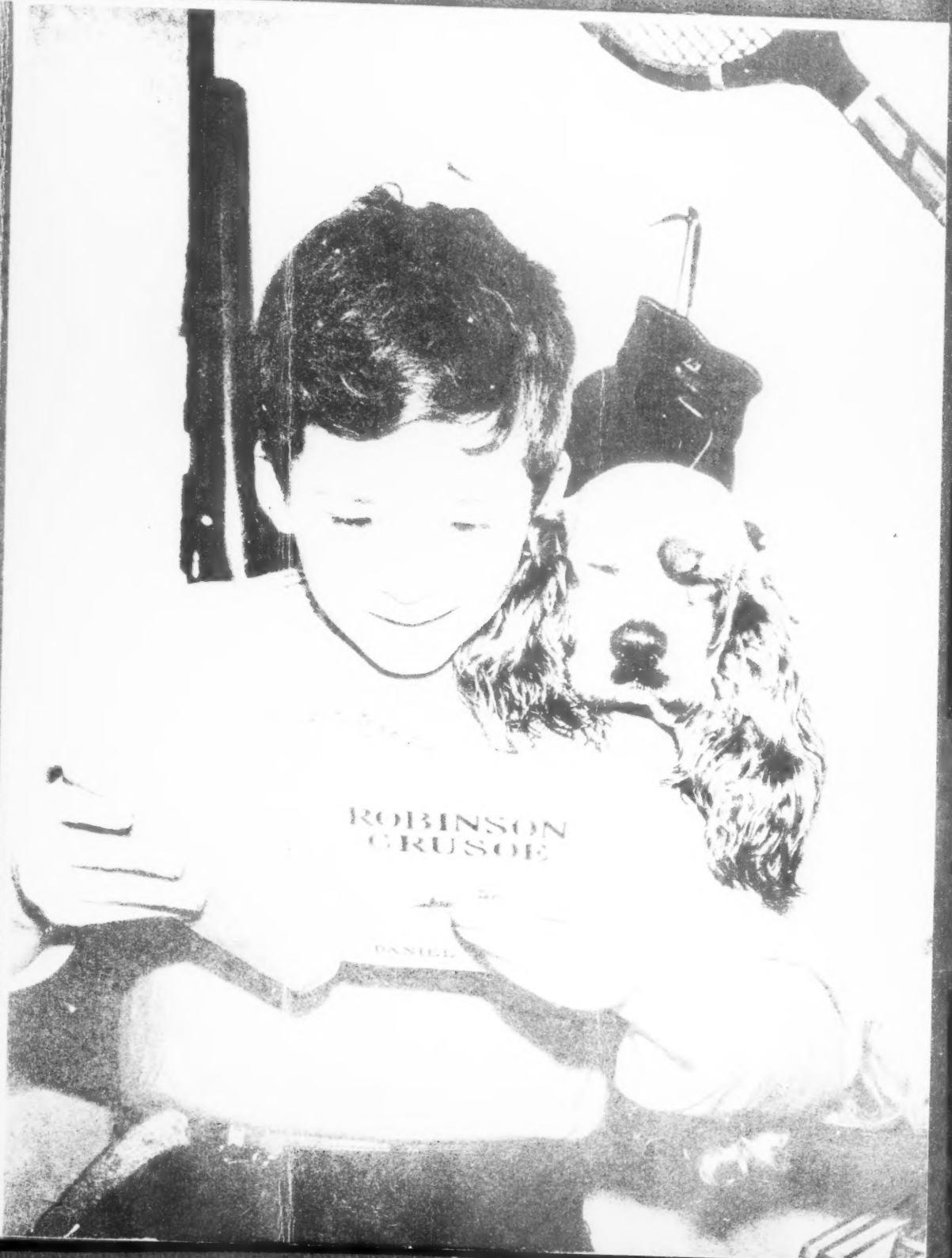
JUNE

1954

BE KIND TO  
ANIMALS WEEK  
MAY 8-14  
1955

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY  
for the  
PREVENTION of CRUELTY  
to ANIMALS  
and the  
AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Richard Lewis





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#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

#### IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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# Animals

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## *Profiteering in Animals*

*I*F you are a motorist—and who is not in these hurrying days—you have, of course, noticed those establishments that line the roadsides where cold drinks, peanuts, popcorn, ice cream and similar concoctions are offered for sale to the passing public. And nearby you must have observed what is done to lure the desired customer.

It is a miserable, lusterless bear panting in the sun, a dejected wolf pacing, pacing far from the open spaces, foxes and rabbits cringing and afraid. The careless public stops at the appeal of the children who want to feed the animals.

The purchase is made, the animal fed with a sickly confection, the seller makes his double profit, his customers buying from him the very food on which his animals, for the most part, have to exist. And the wretched captive drags out his days in a place without shade, often without water, with unhealthful food, and with the light gone from his eyes and the joy of living from his heart. Even the gas and oil stations, with business acumen, keep the small zoo for the passing motorist who wants to indulge a morbid curiosity to “see the animals” and at the same time purchase a supply of gasoline.

It is needless to say, we trust, that our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will use every means the law gives us to ameliorate the condition of these unfortunate victims of man’s cruelty and cupidity.

E. H. H.

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## An Open Letter

*In this atomic age, when the atom bomb has already proved such a devastating weapon and the potential of the hydrogen bomb fills everyone with apprehension of the awful consequences of its unleashing, it is small wonder that voices are lifted in behalf of the animal kingdom. Such a voice is that of Stuart Huckins, an old and valued friend of our Society, who has penned the following open letter.—Editor*

To the Assembly of the United Nations:

We, the undersigned representatives of the Animal Kingdom, being denied a voice in your Assembly, submit that the bestiality commonly attributed to us is of a higher ethical and moral order and possessing far more attributes of common sense than your civilization has demonstrated in the past thirty years.

We kill for food. We do not kill beyond our needs nor do we plan our forays in cold, calculating, scientific terms. When we kill we do it cleanly with as much morality and with greater sportsmanship than you slaughter beef. And, when we kill, we do not risk the slaughter of millions of innocent lives.

Already you have caused thousands of us to suffer abominably and to die as a result of your great scientific advancement. We are not in your news because you do not care, but we are in your world for which you *should* care. If we had your intelligence and your know-how, we would not do to our own kind the things that you do to yours, nor would we do it to you.

We believe that if you do not now return to the ways of your God and ours that you will destroy, not only us, but also yourselves, and that in another world your God and ours will give us—not man—a chance to demonstrate a higher form of leadership.

*(There follow the footprints of many creatures.)*

## Animal Calendars

**W**ATCH for a future announcement about our new 1955 Calendar of Animals. They will be the best yet with twelve entirely different animal photos in full color with a clever new greeting card cover. There will be no rise in price, but will sell for \$1.00 a box as before. *Send your orders early!*

# Plucky "Penny"

By Muriel Innes

**P**ENNY was a red cocker spaniel who for six days and five nights kept faithful vigil at the top of a twelve-foot abandoned well in which her beloved master was imprisoned.

She shared with him the increasing hunger, the weakness of starvation. But somehow, she managed to keep up an intermittent barking and whining both day and night. No one ever came to see why the little dog barked so constantly. She left her master only long enough to make brief trips through the dense woods to his home, seeking aid for his desperate plight. And desperate it was! He was also suffering intense pain from a broken shoulder, while heavy rain increased the amount of water in the well.

But visitors seldom came to the man's house. A four-year navy veteran of World War II, he lived alone. Though he had been one of the invaders of Okinawa, had done dangerous patrol duty in the Atlantic, the horrors of war did not equal the terrifying experience of severe pain and utter exhaustion, the terrible loneliness in the bottom of that old well. He was mighty grateful to little Penny, trying in the only way she knew how to lend him courage.

Perhaps instinct told her that her master was growing weaker and weaker, that he couldn't survive much longer. At any rate, though she had already made countless trips through the thicket of brush and trees for help, she frantically stepped up the tempo on the fifth and sixth days. Somehow she would yet bring him aid in time.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day, plucky Penny made still another trip to the house. At last someone was there! Her master's girl friend, came to investigate the reason for his long silence, for his failure to keep a date.

Penny literally went into a frenzy. She raced madly into the thicket behind the house. She raced out again. Barking, whining—in and out—in and out. "Talking" excitedly and making signs in the only way an intelligent little dog could. Yet, for minutes, the girl hesitated to follow into that darkened thicket. But finally, Penny convinced her that something was certainly terribly wrong.

The veteran heard the heavy crashing in the brush. He put all the strength he had left into one final yell. Penny was a real heroine. She had saved her beloved master from certain death.

## Home, Sweet Home

By John L. Holden

**D**URING the mating season, nature's creatures seek strange places to raise their young. It seems that our little feathered friends are willing and able to build wherever they take the notion. They often ignore the time-honored trees and construct their homes in odd places.

A pheasant built its nest in a coal pile, a duck made hers between the ties on a railroad. Starlings often homestead rural mail boxes. One family of wrens made the papers this year in Newaygo County, Michigan.

Gordon Vanderhooning was building a mooring dock at his lake-front cottage, working in his spare time over the week end. Finishing work one evening, he hung his trousers on the clothes line to dry, forgetting to take them down before he went back to the city next morning.

On his return the following week end, he looked for the trousers before resuming work on the dock. The pants still hung on the line, but the wrens had built their nest inside them and laid eggs. As he approached the clothes line, the male started diving at him and making angry noises.

When Mr. Vanderhooning finally discovered the reason for papa wren's behavior, he left the pants undisturbed. Van left the trousers on the line for several weeks while the eggs hatched and the young learned how to fly. It was only then that he got the use of his pants back again.

Robins, too, seem to be eccentric birds, at times. Stories and pictures have been told and shown of many queer nesting spots—on fire escapes, window ledges and even in the under carriages of railroad cars.

# Travel Tips For Dogs

By Elizabeth N. Halburnt



A few of the articles necessary for a traveling dog.

**I**F you plan to make a traveling companion of your dog, one of the first things to teach him is riding obedience. With a little discipline he will soon learn to stay on his side of the seat, divided by a small handbag or suitcase. This is an important safety rule, too. Your dog may, however, prefer riding in the back seat or on top of the back seat and looking out the window at the rear.

There are certain items you need to take along to keep your pet happy when traveling: a supply of his favorite dog food, collar or harness and leash, comb and brush, water and food dishes, and some of his favorite toys. And don't forget his ball. After riding all day he will be ready for a romp or a game of ball with you in an open field.

An identification tag with the dog's name and the owner's name and address, or one of the new identification tags put out by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., is a must. This is, of course, in addition to his license tag. On a large trunk tag you may jot down just what should be

done if he turns up among the missing and is subsequently found.

Most restaurants are glad to furnish table scraps for pets. Many furnish paper or wax bags to carry the scraps back to the car. In fact, there is a chain of restaurants that furnishes little wax-lined paper bags for this purpose and printed on them are the words, "We Love Pets, Too."

Your dog should be comfortable on rainy days and cool nights. A combination blanket and raincape will prove useful for him and will help to keep the car clean.

More and more people are taking their pets with them on automobile trips over the country. Acceptance of dogs and provision for their welfare is a real service, and many of the best hotels and motels cater to them.

Pets should not be left overnight in cars. A common and cruel fault of inexperienced travelers is leashing the dog to the steering wheel with the windows down. In a few seconds, he can slip through the window, over the side

of the car and, if he is wearing a collar, hang himself. The dog should be left free, if it ever does become necessary to leave him in the car, with windows down only enough to allow plenty of air.

Never put your dog in the trunk of the car, even though you leave the lid open sufficiently to permit plenty of air and closed enough to prevent him from jumping out. The lid could slam shut, causing your pet to suffocate or injuring him badly.

Occasionally, when left alone, a dog becomes hysterical, barking wildly and howling. If your dog has one of these desertion complexes you should prove to him that you will always return.

Leave him in the car for only a few seconds. Do this several times the first day. The next day, stretch the absence to one minute; the next day a little longer, and so on. Pampered dogs are usually hard to deal with, but with patient training you will succeed.

Be firm but kind when disciplining your dog and you will be in the driver's seat all the time.



# Cloud-Hopping Animals

By Wallace M. Depew

**M**Y DOG, Shep, now sixteen years old, would tell you, if she could talk (and she does in her own way) that the good old days of her puppyhood can't be compared with those of today when it comes to travel—because dogs and cats can now go cloud-hopping, vacation-bent or just traveling the same as their owners, to near and far away places.

No flying saucers or trips to the moon hocus-pocus, but something that is really a fact, a Flying Doghouse, provides all or nearly all the comforts of home for canines and felines right in the same high-speed passenger plane with you.

It is no longer a rule that dogs and cats be restricted to all-cargo planes as was the case, with the exception of "seeing-eye" dogs which were allowed to accompany their blind masters. Of course, even now, your pet although traveling first class will not be lounging in the seat next to you but very safely and comfortably accommodated in the cargo section.

Aristocratic dogs and cats or those of undetermined pedigree—it makes no difference—enjoy privileges and receive services as a special passenger to which no one else is entitled, including the opportunity to be petted by pretty stewardesses. They travel at a far less transportation cost than people, in heated, pressurized compartments. And the kennel allows the four-footed passenger to curl up and steal forty winks, like other travelers sometimes feel like doing.

Technically, the Doghouse is known as a "Tuttle Kennel," named after the late Col. A. D. Tuttle, M. D., who invented it while medical director of the United Air Lines.

The flight kennel, scientifically designed of lightweight metal, comes in two sizes. The inside dimensions of the large kennel are 36 inches long, 21 inches wide and 30 inches high; the small kennel, 24 inches long, 15 inches wide and 17½ inches high.

The kennel permits easy feeding enroute and is equipped with sanitary "plumbing," a pan underneath containing a harmless deodorizing solution that makes your pet socially acceptable to other travelers. Drinking water is provided by the company.

The number of four-footed passengers traveling the skyways these days is more than you would imagine. An air lines official told me, "We fly approximately 900 dogs a month, under the best conditions dogs have ever enjoyed while traveling."

This increase in transporting four-footed fliers is due, they say, to the Flying Doghouse that permits them to be contented enroute and to arrive at their destination in first-class condition.

"Recently seen," I was told, "taking advantage of the newest development in animal travel were a rare Lhasa Apso—regarded as holy in native Tibet—and an equally rare combination of terrier-beagle-spaniel strains enroute to its young master's home in Santa Monica, California."

*Judy Ann Teggelaar, age 4, bids bon voyage to her doggie, "Red Pepper."*

*These are the two newly-developed flight kennels which permit dog shipments on passenger planes. The large size is for animals with maximum shoulder height of 28" while the small kennel accommodates puppies and diminutive breeds with maximum shoulder height of 16".*

*United Air Lines Stewardess Delight "Bee" Downs doesn't appear too apprehensive about this 190-pound Irish Wolfhound who has just arrived by plane.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



THE day was clear, warm and still. I had a new brush and a full can of paint.

"I'm going to do the screen frames this afternoon," I told Jack when he came home for lunch. "They really don't need it, but . . ."

"Wait until Saturday," he interrupted, "and I'll take them down for you."

Rather than argue, I pretended to acquiesce. The moment he was gone, however, I got the ladder, brush and paint and set to work. I'd been at it only a short while when I heard Percy, the neighbors' boxer pup, barking at something in the vineyard. As Mr. Blue, who was absorbing vitamins on the lawn didn't bother to investigate, I thought the cause of the commotion of little consequence.

I finished the top of one frame, stepped down one rung and placed the can of paint on a little hinged shelf made for that purpose. I was adjusting my feet to the narrower step, when the volume and tempo of Percy's bark was noticeably increased. Looking in that direction, I saw Pumpkin, Mr. Blue's favorite cat, streaking for home with the big dog a length behind.

"Stop that, Percy!" I yelled, almost losing my balance. "Go home!"

Attracted by my voice, Pumpkin, who was heading for the barn, swerved in my direction. At the same moment, Mr. Blue leaped up, and taking in the situation, dashed to intercept the other dog. By this time, Pumpkin had reached the ladder. Without bothering to use the rungs, he clawed his way to the top via a sidepiece, sputtering with indignation at every step.

A breath later, Mr. Blue and Percy met head-on directly under me. From then on, the chronological order of events is a little hazy in my mind. I felt the ladder sway as Percy tried to extricate his big feet from the lower rung. I heard Pumpkin snarl and spit, saw him drop from the top of the ladder to the shelf where my paint rested, heard him hit the ground.

Then things began to topple. I went first, or I think I did. Next, I heard a dull thud, accompanied simultaneously by a yelp of pain. It probably was no more than a second or two between the time I pancaked into the flower bed until I was able to shake the galaxy of pink and green stars from my head, but it seemed an aeon. Blinking rapidly, I looked up to see Mr. Blue's face within inches of my own, his big, round eyes anxiously winking at me through a curtain of white paint. The can had evidently struck him on the head, open end down.

"Oh, me," I muttered, heaving myself up. "What a mess!"

With aching bones I hobbled to the porch and sat down to survey the damage. Whew! How two dogs and a cat could wreak so much havoc in a matter of seconds was hard to believe, but there was my scattered tools and equipment to prove it. Upside-down in the sand was my can of paint, drained dry. The ladder, in falling, had broken off its length of young dahlia plants. The nice red, shiny handle of the brush was broken. Mr. Blue, of course, posed the major problem. How was I to remove the paint from him without taking off the hair and skin?

Fortunately, I'm not one to brood over mishaps. What was done was done. The next move was to pick up and clean up—starting with Mr. Blue, and then forget about the whole thing as quickly as possible.

While I was getting rags, soap and water together, Mr. Blue undertook to do the job himself by rolling in the freshly turned earth of the geranium bed. The result was a fair example of what can be done by way of camouflage with paint, leaves and good brown earth.

# "Mr. Blue's" Temper

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue was absorbing vitamins on the lawn.

Despite the urgency of the chore ahead of me, I sat down to laugh. Now, Mr. Blue loves to be laughed at. In fact, he will outdo himself to provoke a chuckle, but to be laughed at when he's not trying to be funny, is an insult of the first water.

With a withering sidelong glance, he walked off stiff-legged, his tail stretched straight and rigid behind. And then he noticed Percy—Percy, who was simply lounging on the ground making faces at a bored and disdainful cat.

It is impossible to know what was going on in Mr. Blue's head, but if actions were any indication of cerebration, his thoughts went something like this: "You're the cause of my being ridiculed and I don't like you. You have no business in my yard and I'm going to chase you home."

Gravel flew under his feet as he got under way. He emitted a combination bark and growl which Percy seemingly interpreted as a warning, for with tail flattened to hind quarters, he started for home, his big feet hitting the pavement hard and fast.

I watched them go, knowing that Mr. Blue would not return until his mission was accomplished. In the meantime, I set to work, while Pumpkin, from his vantage point, watched the chase, with an expression of repressed satisfaction.

# Three Is to Four

By Estelle A. Brooks



Patrick (Himself) O'Donnell

WOULDN'T you think a cat with only three legs would seek a warm corner or sunny window, an easy life? Not so Patrick O'Donnell. He was as good as any cat with four legs, maybe better!

Patrick's wound was scarcely healed that cold, raw day when he appeared at our front door to ask if we needed a cat.

We did, indeed, need a cat. But it was only a whole cat with all his catching ways that we wanted, for the rats and mice were coming in from the fields in droves. We needed an active cat, not one with his good right paw gone. However could we know that Patrick was ambidextrous and that his left side-swipe was as good as any cat's right uppercut?

Of course, Patrick O'Donnell came in, head and tail high—no cringing there. We decided we'd keep him until someone could take him to town to that Society which cares for hurt animals.

Instinctively, Patrick knew he was on trial. If ever a cat put forth his charm, his fitness for the desired position of rat and mouse catcher on the Spruce Hill Farm, Patrick O'Donnell was that cat. He was a super-salesman, seeming to know he must "sell" himself by doing a

little better than a cat with all his legs and paws. He must bring home the bacon if he wanted the job.

Patrick slept in the kitchen that first night. In the morning five dead mice lay on the hearth for our inspection. Patrick was surely hungry, he was so painfully thin, but he had to convince us he was right on the job every minute. Not once during that first week did Patrick eat a rat or mouse. Scrupulously he brought them to us until we begged for mercy.

We began to see rodents in our dreams; we met them on the front porch, in the barn, in the kitchen and even in our bedrooms—all dead, thanks to Patrick. The second week, poor Patrick had to go farther afield for his supply, but still they came. Where did he get them? We thought the neighbors were probably profiting, too. By the end of the month there couldn't have been a rat or mouse in the area that Patrick hadn't laid at our feet.

And, our Patrick was an acrobat. Perhaps some cat had said to him, "Bet ya can't do this, Pat." Really, there was nothing a four-legged cat could do that Patrick didn't do as well, if not better. He could go up a ladder like a streak with a sort of hop-skip gait; when in a terrific hurry, he would propel himself over the ground at breakneck speed, both hind legs acting as levers for his front leg pivot. He'd climb a tree like a squirrel and balance himself easily on a branch.

In time, Patrick grew sleek but never fat and he never traded on his infirmity, seeming always to want to show the world—he was a better cat for having only three legs.

## My Dog

By Vincent Argondezzi

*I have a dog,*

*Prince is his name.*

*He has no special talent,  
Or any claim to fame.*

*Not bred from show dog strain,  
No blue ribbons from the fair.*

*But when I need friendship most  
Prince provides his share.*

## Speed of Animals

THE world's record for speed among living things is held by the Indian spine-tailed swift which has been clocked at 219 miles an hour. The European peregrine, a hawk, was timed at 165 to 180 miles an hour. In the United States, the golden eagle and the duck hawk can dive from high altitudes at similar speeds.

A few homing pigeons have averaged 60 mph over courses of a few miles and as much as 55 mph for 4 hours. The mourning dove and the golden plover have been known to reach 60 to 65 mph. Some ducks and geese can reach speeds of 55 to 65 mph or more, and the tiny hummingbird can do 50 to 55. Most birds habitually fly at speeds much less than their maximum. For example, crows commonly cruise at 20 or 30 mph but can speed up to 40 or 45. The distance endurance record is thought to be held by the Arctic tern which migrates to the Antarctic and back in about 20 weeks—a distance of 20,000 to 22,000 miles.

In a foot race, the cheetah or hunting leopard wins. It has been timed at 70 miles an hour during short bursts of speed. It can overtake the black buck of India which is reputed to reach 65 mph. The pronghorn antelope of western United States has maintained 60 mph for two miles and 36 mph for 27 miles. The lion can charge at 50 mph over short distances. Even the largest of all animals, the African elephant, with its stiff-legged trot could beat our best track stars in the dashes, while the rhinoceros can gallop neck and neck with a good horse for two miles.

Several strains of dogs have been bred for extreme speed. The fastest of all seems to be the saluki of Arabia, or the related Afghan hound, which can step out at 43 mph and overtake the fastest Arabian horse. Greyhounds and whippets sometimes reach 34 or 40 mph.

A man has run one mile in a trifle over four minutes; a ridden horse in a little more than 1½ minutes. The distance record for a horse is reputed to be 100 miles in 8 hours and 58 minutes; for a racing camel, 115 miles in 12 hours.

When it comes to endurance in a very long overland trip, the winner would probably be the camel, the horse, or even man.

— Illinois Dept. of Conservation

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



## Schoolmaster's Master

By Lucille Rosencrans

**W**HEN Lowell Devoe was superintendent of schools at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, he owned a black cocker spaniel, named Blackout.

Blackout was definitely an extrovert. Never content to stay at home, he rode to school every day with Mr. Devoe. He was as much at home in the furnace room as in the superintendent's office and was pampered daily by about five hundred high school students.

But during class time, Blackout often became bored and trotted down the hill to Main Street. There he was known to merchants, bankers, barbers, and doctors. He was a frequent visitor at Rotary Club and a friend of every loafer on the street. In fact, almost everybody in town stopped sometime during the day to talk to Blackout.

If the dog did not get back to school in time to ride home with Mr. Devoe, he walked out the Avenue, stopping every now and then to have a friendly visit with the people he met. But, one night, Blackout did not come home at the usual time. The police would find him, Mrs. Devoe argued, a little worried. But should she bother the police, she wondered. They would wait awhile before calling, Mr. Devoe decided.

It began to grow dark and no Blackout appeared. The family grew more and more anxious. The car was out of order or Mr. Devoe would take it and go hunt for him. Perhaps a neighbor would take him, someone suggested. The family held consultation in the front yard.

Just then a car stopped in front of their house. A door was opened, the driver called, "Good-bye," and Blackout ran up the walk to Mr. Devoe. The car was driven away while the family gaped with surprise. Blackout had come home in a taxicab.

## New Calendar

**I**T is not too early to start thinking about ordering our new 1955 Calendar of Animals. As before it will have a Christmas card cover with twelve additional illustrations of our animal friends in full color—one for each month. The price will be the same as last year—one dollar for a box of ten calendars and envelopes.

June 1954

# Wild Geese Crossing

By Zelma G. Locke

**S**HOULD you be driving along a highway and come upon a sign by the side of the road reading, "Wild Geese-Ducks Crossing," what would you think? Sure, you've seen signs warning of cattle crossing, of trucks entering the highway or many other warning signs, but I'll venture to say that never before had you seen a warning of wild geese or ducks likely to be seen crossing your path.

Yes, "Wild Geese-Ducks Crossing" is a truly unique road sign in Delaware County, Ohio. Located just north of Ohio's capital city, Columbus, this marker is perhaps the only one of its kind in the nation. It was placed in that particular spot by the Ohio State Highway Department at the request of Don Mack, outdoor writer, who wished by this means to protect two Canada Geese whom he had nursed back to health after they had been wounded during the hunting season.

The geese, out of gratitude no doubt, decided to stay on with their benefactor after he had released them with a clean bill of health. They now divide their

time between the vicinity of the Mack home and the Olentangy River bottom.

Don Mack, who writes of outdoor life for the Ohio State Journal, also feeds a large number of wild ducks and very naturally, these creatures have become used to visiting his home for daily hand-outs of food. They too cross the same highway, but they sometimes fly over it, a most sensible measure of precaution.

As for the geese, they completely ignore all traffic and the state highway department employee who was sent to investigate Mr. Mack's request almost killed one, by accident. As a result of his call, however, the Department went a step further in its wildlife protection program and had the signs made up for this special case.

"It was a wonderful thing for the Highway Department to make those signs for the birds," Mack says. "They may live to be a hundred. Honkers do, you know. That is, of course, if they don't answer 'the call of the wild' and some hunter shoots them out of the sky eventually."



Some people don't believe in signs, but this one actually means what it says, as evidenced by the two wild geese in the picture, crossing the road on their return from the river to the vicinity of the Mack home where they know food will be forthcoming.

# Wish You Had Taken That Picture?



What do you suppose that is? Wish we could fly like that. Oh, well, maybe when we grow up we'll know more about these things.



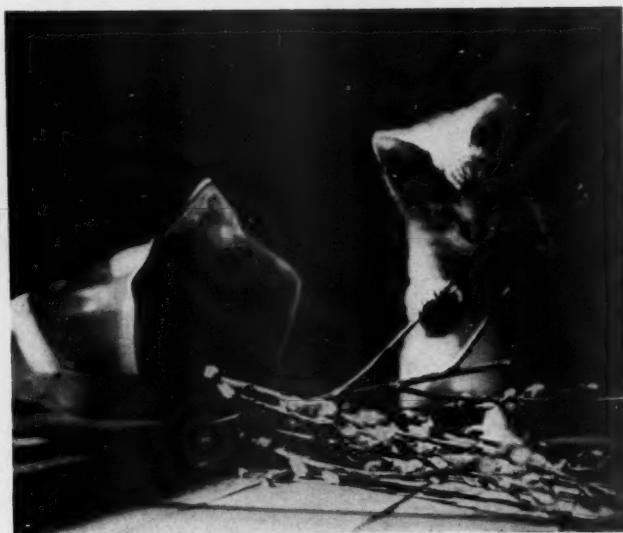
Give it to me! I saw it first! Look out! The



Humph! A  
those cour  
smart city  
tha



Look out! There, you've torn it!

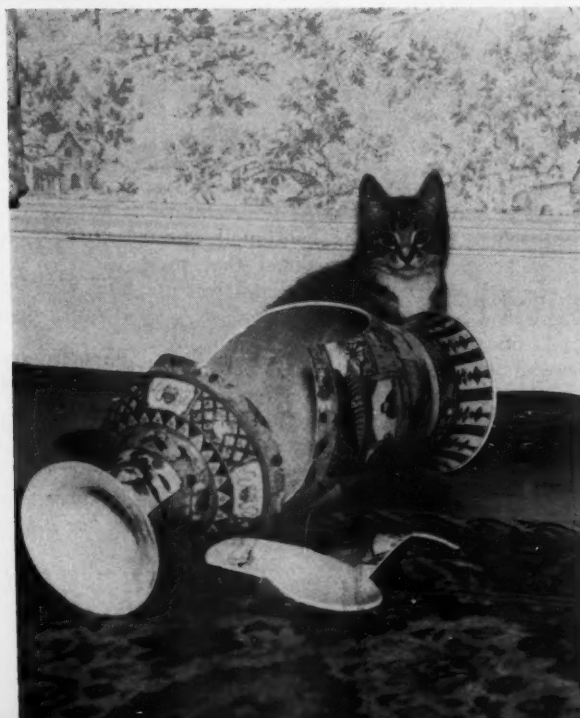


A little pussy reconnoitres the scene of the crime. "I'm Pussy investigating the sad case of the pussy willow."



What goes on here? Can't get a yip out of you. What manner of dog are you, you fraud?

Humph! Must be one of those country mice. No smart city mouse would be that stupid.



Honest, I didn't do it. It was that darned dog again — always getting me into trouble.

**N**ATURALLY, your pet is one of the most important members of the family—and photographs of him should have their place in the family snapshot album. He should not only be included in pictures of family groups, but it certainly wouldn't be out of the way to take some special shots. Pet portraits are fun to make, but like any good picture, it takes a little thought and planning to insure good results—and we might add, luck and dexterity to get pictures like the ones on these pages. Try to make your pet's personality and intelligence show in the picture. Of course, he's smart or you wouldn't have him, so try to keep that in mind when taking his photograph.

One of the very best ways to picture your pet is candidly—snap the picture when it happens, catch him in the act, as it were. Posing people for pictures presents many problems. Posing animals, even yours with his *obviously superior intelligence*, offers even more. For good story-telling pictures, for snapshots that show your pet at his best, or at least, at his cutest, keep camera and film handy to shoot the picture when you see it.

Don't limit your picture taking to the out-of-doors—it is sometimes even easier to make good snaps inside. There aren't as many things around which might distract the pet's attention at the crucial moment.

By far the most satisfactory type of lighting for your indoor pet snapshoot-ing will be the use of synchronized flash attached to your camera. Even the simplest of modern cameras are equipped for such inexpensive flash attachments and it is well worth having one. If yours is a simple camera, the speed of the flash bulbs will enable you to snap pictures that you couldn't get any other way. They are fast enough to stop any normal movement, so you really catch your pet in the act without blur.

For a really satisfactory record of your pet—keep the camera handy with film and flash bulbs. Be ready to take a picture on the spur of the moment. Then, you won't have to end a recital of the cute or naughty things your pet did with the words,

*"I wish I had a picture."*



# Neighborhood Character

By Cynthia Collis

IS there anyone here named Molasses?" the postman asked as he tentatively held out a package. It was obvious the postman was new on the route or he would have known one of the best-known and loved characters in the neighborhood.

Eighteen pounds of personality, a small brown dog of mixed breed best described as "wire-haired cocker spaniel," Mo started out as just one of a litter except for his appealing eyes.

Within six months, he was known all over the neighborhood and got his first job at a filling station. He started at the bottom as entertainer chasing bottle tops to amuse the customers. He was soon promoted to more important work. For several years he would sit with his head cocked and watch the other men change tires.

Even though he was able to keep his own hours, he was very conscientious about getting to work at 7:00 a. m. sharp and taking just an hour off for lunch.

Mo is a complete extrovert and makes friends very easily. In his leisure time from his job, he adopts all waiting bus passengers and takes it upon himself to entertain them until transportation arrives.

Any available rock was dropped at their feet and it was only the most slow-witted who didn't catch on quickly to the game. With these, he was most patient, picking the rock up and dropping it again at their feet, only much harder, and with such an appealing look

that even the most hardened grouch couldn't resist him for too long.

He seldom ate at home, finding far better meals elsewhere in the neighborhood. The butchers are all his friends, feeding him loin chops while selling his family hamburger. During the war, his wide acquaintance made it possible for him to eat better than many humans. The day he got a \$3.00 beef tenderloin, the butcher told it as a huge joke on himself.

Mail for Mo was not at all a rare occurrence. He is so well known that when the holiday season rolls around the number of Christmas cards he receives makes it necessary for him to have some of his own made.

As he gets older, he feels himself the neighborhood patriarch. As traffic grows heavier, he ignores it instead of watching it. He has had many minor brushes with traffic and many sore spots to show for it. It must have been a stranger who was not watching for him that caused his only serious accident.

A week's hospitalization necessitated the first sick leave he has ever taken. On his release, his first concern was to get out and show off his bandages.

Now, in his later years he has gone into semi-retirement. He still visits the filling station but mostly in an advisory capacity. He also still keeps his wide acquaintance and any day that he does not get out it is not unusual to have people, even strangers to the family, call up about his health.

## Beyond Duty's Call

By Dora Aydelotte

AT first, the engineer on the Lehigh Valley passenger train thought he must be seeing things, but soon he realized that the red flag at the curve ahead was real and in railroad language it could mean only one thing—an emergency stop. Although he had no orders to meet another train at such an early hour, he quickly threw on the brakes to slow down in time. Still the signal moved along slowly, close to the roadbed.

It wasn't yet daylight and the puzzled engine crew decided that some track worker had been injured and was limping along or perhaps a brakeman had fallen from a preceding freight and was trying to signal for help. Hurrying ahead on foot, the crew found a small black and white terrier holding the red flag in his jaws.

This discovery only deepened the mystery. Taking both dog and flag into his cab, the engineer drove on slowly for a mile or two, but the track still remained clear. As his train pulled into the next station, the agent came out on the platform.

"Do I know that dog?" repeated the ticket agent. "Sure, his name's Mike and he belongs to old man Dougherty, the trackwalker. The old man trained him to carry the flag and Mike's been going out with Dougherty every morning, rain or shine, for five years. You say Mike was by himself? Now, that looks queer. We'd better go see if the old man's took sick."

The old trackwalker had died peacefully in his sleep. When barking and tugging at the covers had failed to waken his master for their usual morning walk, Mike had gripped the red flag in his jaws and started out alone, faithful to his daily task.

## Three Is a Crowd

By Nora Diltz

WHEN I attended church last Sunday, I noticed that a blind man sat at the back of the room. His regulation white cane stood beside him; his faithful dog lay at his feet. No one tried to crowd into the pew beside him—he sat alone with his dog.

After the service, I walked down the church steps and started for home, never thinking of the blind man, when suddenly I noticed that he had walked up beside me. His dog walked between us.

Evidently the dog thought there was not room on the sidewalk for all three

of us, for he began thumping me with his head. At first I couldn't understand, but when the thumps continued and even grew harder, I realized that he thought I was in the way, that I was a hindrance to his master's progress.

At once, I stepped back and the dog moved over into the place I had occupied so that his master could take to the middle of the walk. Never did the man realize the part his dog was playing.

I had been put in my place—and by a dog, but a very smart and a very thoughtful one for all of that.

## Dog Latin

By Theresa E. Black

*Each time he wants outside he bobs  
At every door to turn the knobs.*

*When he smells something good to eat  
He licks his lips and paws my feet.*

*My praise or petting, he commands  
By nestling close to nudge my hands.*

*His speech may not be widely known . . .  
He has a language all his own.*

# "Morgan" The Mighty

By Franklin Lamont Thistle

**M**ORGAN, a short, barrel-bodied, pompous canine of undetermined age and doubtful parentage, whose presence has long been a familiar sight to the personnel of Wing Headquarters Squadron, Luke Air Force Base, Glendale, Arizona, was recently the object of much attention and concern.

Since 1947, Morgan has resided on Luke Air Force Base and claims to have more time in grade than any other dog on the base. When Luke was de-activated after World War II, a skeleton crew, along with Morgan, was left to maintain and guard the facilities. Late in 1950, the 81st Standby Squadron came to Luke to prepare for its re-activation and it is assumed that they took care of Morgan during this period. Finally, the Michigan and Arizona Air National Guard arrived with their chow halls and Morgan switched from sergeants' legs to a more abundant diet.

Morgan regularly visits his buddies in the dining hall and is fed royally. After chow, he trots lazily over to the Wing day room and curls up in his "reserved" chair for a "dog nap."

Although quiet and small, Morgan is not to be trifled with, as some brash young puppies in the vicinity have discovered. He has been known to walk stiff-legged up to strange dogs in the neighborhood and assert his authority. Invariably one growl or two is sufficient to convey the idea that he is boss.

Bearing the honorable scars of numerous battles, he is quite a picturesque canine. In fact, with the above mentioned Squadron, he is "Top Dog." Morgan frequently watches the boys



play ping pong and often sits in his favorite leather chair and scowls at television. He occasionally emits a low growl of approval at a dog food advertisement, but otherwise is most blasé about TV.

One night, a sad event occurred which interrupted the serene life of our pal. He was returning from a late date when two Air Policemen arrested him for roaming without a license. To his amazement, he found himself behind barbed wire in the base stockade.

The next day, Morgan's friends were puzzled by his absence. The mystery was solved when a notice appeared in the Daily Bulletin that a dog had been imprisoned by the Air Police. The description "two feet long and one foot high" tallied.

Two loyal sergeants immediately rushed to the scene and found our hero in very low spirits. Morgan, being a dog of principle, and having spent more time at Luke than his captors had served in

the Air Force, was pacing back and forth glaring indignantly. It was a severe blow to his ego to be pushed around like any common mutt.

"They've treated me like a dog," he said, "just because I didn't have a license. Can you imagine their not knowing who I am?"

The sergeants had Morgan released to their custody after assuring the authorities they would buy him a license. Morgan leered contemptuously upon being freed and, with as much dignity as he could muster under the embarrassing circumstances, waddled off with his benefactors.

After ousting a few competitors who had muscled in on his territory during his absence and investigating a new shrub outside the day room, Morgan settled down in his chair, obviously tired by all the fuss, and promptly fell asleep.

Well, Morgan is out of the "Doghouse" and is again leading, if you will pardon the expression, a man's life.

# Society and



"They were fun to chew, but a little hard to digest," seems to be what this beagle pup is saying as he and Dr. Simpson gaze at the chain of open links the puppy swallowed recently. The X-Ray at right revealed the cause of his indigestion.

## The Musical Pup

**A**N unusual case even for our shock-proof Hospital staff occurred recently when the Nantucket owner of a six-weeks-old beagle discovered that her frisky puppy sounded like the jingle of Santa's sleigh bells every time she picked him up, and rushed him off to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. By means of an X-ray, our doctors discovered that the tinkling pup's trouble

was caused by no less than *fourteen*, heavy iron links, which the dog had apparently swallowed, one at a time!

These links were promptly removed by our Director of Surgery, Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, assisted by Dr. Royce V. Simpson, who is shown above still looking rather amazed by the puppy's peculiar appetite.

## We STILL Need Bedding

**Y**ES, WE DO! It's not that we are wasteful, or that no one responded to our previous appeal, because many generous persons did and we are extremely grateful to them. No, the reason we need still more discarded cloth (cottons, woolens, and linens) is because our need for this material, as we have said before, is *continual*.

When you consider that we accommodate almost 450 animal patients, you will realize what an enormous amount of bedding it takes each day to keep these patients warm and comfortable in their cages. To be sure, some of this material can be laundered and re-used,

but eventually it wears out and must be thrown away. In addition, much bedding must be burned, especially after use in wards where highly contagious diseases, such as distemper, are treated.

Won't YOU search your attic and cellar for trunks and closets where you may have stored away old blankets and sheets, or other soft material that you no longer need? Please gather up all you can find and send it to:

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston 15, Massachusetts

Every package will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

**D**ID you ever notice how thrilled a child is to receive something through the mail addressed to him?

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy?

See the inside back cover for a special offer for *new* subscriptions.

## Speech! Speech!

**F**ROM all sides come requests for the doctors on our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital staff to speak at various gatherings. Of course, they can't accept all their invitations, but they certainly manage to cover a great part of this country.

For instance, Dr. Jean Holzworth was in New York City on February 19, to address a group of metropolitan veterinarians on "Problems in Cat Practice." She illustrated her discussion with kodachrome slides.

Also, our Director of Surgery, Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, was guest speaker at the March 17 meeting of the Metropolitan New Jersey Veterinary Medical Association, where his subject was "Injuries of the Knee Joint in Dogs" and he, too, illustrated his lecture with kodachrome slides.

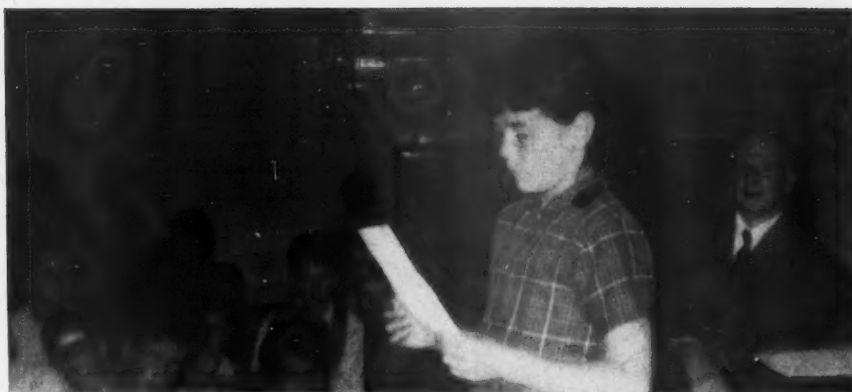
As for this month's engagements, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, our Chief of Staff, will speak at the first Veterinary Radiology Conference of the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, June 24 and 25. This will be a conference by veterinary and medical radiologists and conducted principally for teachers in veterinary colleges.

Dr. Schnelle's topics will be "Differential Diagnosis of the Abdominal Mass in the Dog," and "Congenital Hip Displasia and Sequelae in the Dog." As we have mentioned before, the latter disease is one of markedly increasing importance in a number of breeds, and appears to be inherited. Its increase seems to be due to the wide-spread practice of line breeding and in-breeding in dogs.



# y d Service News

MOVING?—Be sure to send your new address together with the address label from your last copy of *Our Dumb Animals* to the Circulation Manager at least five weeks in advance.



A Hyannis pupil reads her prize-winning essay while Mr. Pollard listens in the background.

## Hyannis and Reading Essay Contest Winners

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

**L**AST February, we published the results of the essay contest for grammar school students conducted by the Nautilus Club of Provincetown, and at that time we lacked sufficient space to publish the results of the similar contests conducted by the Hyannis and Reading Women's clubs. Now we are happy to be able to present these latter and to again commend these civic-minded women for recognizing the value of our program to teach kindness to children as a means of overcoming all cruelty to persons and animals.

Only a few weeks after the Provincetown contest, in the Hyannis school gymnasium which was packed with pupils, John Linehan, principal, introduced Mrs. Alice Sperl, able chairman of the Hyannis Essay Contest for the second year. She in turn introduced those who spoke on different aspects of

responsibility for, and care of, a pet; viz. Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, chairman of the Nautilus Club's Essay Contest; Harold Andrews, the Hyannis agent of our Society; and myself.

Following these speakers, Mrs. Jacobsen, president of the Hyannis Women's Club, emphasized that ownership of a pet is a partnership. For the companionship, pleasure, and satisfaction we get from a pet, we have to provide regular and kindly care, even though at times it may be unpleasant or inconvenient.

Then the names of the winners were called, and as each child read his essay there was much applause. These winners were Allan Fuller, June Bettencourt, Sandra Lopes, Carol Hinckley, June Armstrong, Eirene Sethares, Catherine Shaughnessy, David Hambly, Suzanne Salo, Charles Lopes, William Stewart, Jr., Sandra Rogers, Ronnie Montcalm, and Peter Robinson.

Next, an animal film, "Developing Responsibility," was shown and the audience seemed to find it highly entertaining as well as educational. This film is just one of many which can be obtained for a nominal charge from our American Humane Education Society for such purposes.

The Reading, Mass., Essay Contest was held for the third successive year in the auditorium of the Pearl Street School on May 8. Edmund Drozek, a sixth grade pupil, greeted the assembled parents, teachers and students, and introduced Mrs. Harry Grebenstein, first vice-president of the Reading Women's Club, which sponsored the meeting and contributed animal books as prizes.

Mrs. Grebenstein thanked Miss Grace Abbott and Miss Helen Knight for help-

ing her to judge over 350 essays submitted from grades 2 through 6, and complimented Mrs. Harry Merchant, chairman of the American Home Committee, in charge of this year's contest.

The school orchestra played several selections, and a group sang "The Doggie in the Window" prior to the presentation of an animal play called *Boot's Day*, by a cast that included Bruce Horton, Marilyn Olson, Carol Wadman, Robert Holt and Eulalie Drury.

Then the essay contest winners were announced: Roger Jones, Gerry Ann Sias, Mary Cripasuk, Marilyn Lake, Gail Garlington, Louise Rose, Patricia Thornton, Roger Smith, Howard Greene, Thomas Carroll, William Strout, Patricia Waite, Judy Holbrook, David Nelson, Anne Coneeney, Karen Millar, Barbara Burpee, Beverly Gregorio, James Wilson, and Jan Jensen. Second prize winners were Sandra Tomes, Diane Croce, Carol Margeson, Barbara Taylor, Denison McRell, John Mansur, Charles Conney, Susan Healy, Pamela Parker, Elizabeth Cahill, Karen Borg, William Robie, Mary Fitzpatrick, Carol Stark, Susan Brown, Robert Schroeder, Vernon Davis, Barbara White, Susan Eckert, and Carol Hilton.

In conclusion, we wish to announce to any Women's Club or other group interested in similar programs that the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts, will be happy to assist in every way possible, with our films, pamphlets, plays, programs, lecturers, and advice to aid you in giving added zest to our young people's enjoyment, while they learn the intelligent care of animals, not as passive listeners, but as active participants.



Part of the rapt audience which filled the Hyannis gymnasium

# CHILDREN'S



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

## A Girl and Her Dog

By Grace E. Leach

*Much has been said  
Of a boy and his dog;  
Much has been read  
Of it, too.  
Why a boy alone must be  
Sole possessor, I can't see;  
A girl loves her dog as much as he.*

## A One-Woman Dog

By Betty Hatziptrou (8)

FIDO was a German police dog. Everywhere my mother went he would go, too. He slept under her bed. One day my mother went for a walk. Fido wanted to go, but she put him in my playroom. He jumped out of the window. My mother heard the crash and she was angry when she saw the window.

Fido was a good dog except when he jumped out of the window.

## Aunt Polly's Zoo

Man's Best Friend

BILLY WHITE came whistling up the walk with Aunt Polly's dog, Lucky, following closely at his heels. "Hi, Aunt Polly!" cried Billy, as he spotted her sitting on her porch swing.

"Good morning, Billy. Come and sit on the swing awhile with me."

As he did so, Billy asked, "Is your dog a terrier?"

Aunt Polly smiled, as she replied, "Well, I guess Lucky is all kinds, but he certainly is lovable."

"Did you buy him, or was he given to you?"

"Neither. Lucky was a little tramp dog and he came here for food and shelter one day."

"Is he part of your Zoo?"

"Honey, I consider Lucky the most important member of my Zoo." At this, Lucky, who was sitting nearby and seemed to be listening to everything they said, pricked up his ears and thumped his tail on the floor.

"I like dogs," said Billy, "and I think they like me."

"Most dogs seem to like people that like them," agreed Aunt Polly.

"Why did you name your dog 'Lucky?'"

"Well, when he came to my Zoo he was nearly starved and looked like he had been mistreated, and finally forced to become a tramp dog."

"Poor fellow, I bet he was chased away wherever he went."

"Most likely, and after I fed and washed him, he acted like he felt he was lucky that he found my Zoo and wanted to stay, so I named him 'Lucky.'"

"He sure deserved some luck after all that."

"Yes, indeed. And Lucky shows that he appreciates his home here by being kind to all my Zoo animals. Of course, I trained him to a certain extent."

"Does he always obey you?"

"Usually," replied Aunt Polly, "but dogs respond to memory and repetition, so sometimes they forget. However, if a dog has a bad experience, he remembers and will not repeat it."

"Dogs are smart, I guess."

"I think the dog is the most intelligent animal, but some folks rate other animals higher than the dog."

"Why do you think the dog is the smartest animal?"

"Because the dog has associated with humans from the earliest days of history. The dog was probably the first animal domesticated by man, far back in the dawn of man's existence. Of course, we should be kind to all animals and our fellow beings, but especially to man's best friend, the dog."

"You see, Billy, I have discovered that kindness to animals is always rewarded in some way or another."

— Eva C. Pollard

# PAGES

## My Bottle-Feeding Puppy

By Lilly K. Pigous (11)

(A young friend of our magazine who lives in Iraq)

ONE day my daddy brought me a pretty yellow puppy. I named him Booza, meaning "ginger" in Assyrian, my native tongue. I tried to feed Booza, but he just would not lap the milk from a saucer in the old-fashioned way. Then Daddy came to my rescue. He fitted a small bottle with a nipple from a baby's bottle and fed Booza from it. He took to the bottle right away like a hungry baby.

At first I held the bottle for Booza while he sucked. But after two weeks he learned to do it by himself. Booza would roll on his back and I would put the nipple into his mouth. He would hold the bottle in his four paws and suck delightedly. And he would empty the bottle in a minute!

Booza is about three months old now. He has grown sleek and plump. He has also learned to eat little choice morsels of food which I give him. But he still won't give up his favorite way of feeding!

## Brownie and Me

By Douglas Sederquist (9)

THIS is a picture of my dog Brownie and me. She used to go to school with me every day, but was hit by a car coming home one day. Now she won't go any more. The pupils and the teachers miss her very much.



June 1954

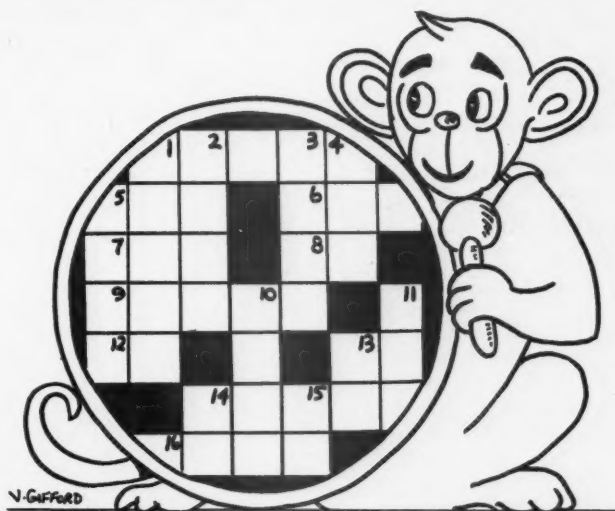
ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLE: Across—1. castle, 6. apt, 7. ivy, 9. R. R., 10. over, 11. rocker, 12. on, 13. ye.  
Down—1. carrot, 2. apron, 3. St., 4. live, 5. every, 8. yr.

## Heigh-ho! Come to the FAIR!





We mean ANIMAL FAIR, of course, our Friday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6 P. M. every Friday.

Won't YOU be there?



V. GIFFORD

ACROSS	DOWN
1. 	1. 
5. 	2. MERELY.
6. SWISS MOUNTAIN.	3. TO TRAVEL ON A BOAT.
7. THE WHOLE QUANTITY.	4. 
8. IN CASE.	5. A RING OF LIGHT.
9. FAITHFUL.	10. CONTINUED PAIN.
12. UPON.	11. PART OF THE FOOT.
13. RIVER IN ITALY.	13. PLACE - ABBV.
14. 	14. MISERY.
16. AUTHOR OF A POEM.	15. NEAR.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



# Rover's Got Rhythm

By Ruth E. Whitnah



"Mama, won't you dance with me?" pleads a thoroughly revitalized Rover.

**M**USICAL therapy can now be used to pep up your pet. Quite by accident, I made this discovery with my own bored and listless dog. He had been "mooning around" ever since the death of his nearly-identical twin. The two had been raised together from the time they had resembled baby skunks.

Now he would sit for long periods looking blankly out of the window, as if to catch a glimpse of his missing pal. He even had to be teased to eat.

One day, I happened to be listening to some spirited march music on the radio. The dog lay beside me and, unconsciously, I began stroking his fur to the rhythm of the tune. He immediately responded with an appreciative sound

like a cat's purr. As the tune progressed I took his paw and moved it briskly up and down in march time. His eyes lit up with pleasure, so I tried one more thing. I marched him around the room to the strains of the lively music, and he happily picked his way along on his hind legs.

Nowadays when he listens with me to a nice number, his ears go up in anticipation. He wiggles eagerly, ready to dance, march, or glide. Most important, he has a new spark; he catches the spirit of play.

Lately, I have introduced him to the waltz, with the same results. No doubt he will derive just as much well-being from the rumba!

## A Super-Sensitive Nose

By Anna A. Myers

**D**OGS have an unusually keen sense of smell we know, but I think that Jerry, our white spitz-eskimo dog, had a nose that was exceptionally sensitive.

When my mother, of whom he was very fond, was visiting on the West Coast and away from home for three months, it was lots of fun and quite an experience to watch Jerry when our daily mail arrived.

We have a mail slot in the door and the mail is put in the slot and slides to the floor. Jerry would go over to the letters and cards, sniff them and then stand and keep sniffing and whimpering at any cards or letters or pieces of mail sent by Mother to us. The rest of the mail was disregarded, but not her correspondence.

When we had opened the letters, we let him sniff the letter paper. Invariably he would look at us and then bark two or three cheerful barks, as if to say, "I told you it was from her."

To us it seems uncanny, but it's true.

## Real Co-operation

By Lew York

**B**IRDS of a feather may flock together, nevertheless there are times when birds of one specie have been seen winging along with an entirely different breed. This mingling is sometimes for a special purpose. Take for an example, the cooperation of the woodpecker and the martins in the following amazing, but true story.

According to Sheriff's Lt. George Grantham, of Memphis, Tennessee, an officer whose honesty is above reproach, he noticed a year ago last spring that the new birdhouse he had built for martins was being used by sparrows. The martins, he observed, tried to move in, but found the entrances too small, though just right for the sparrows.

Last spring he had intended to enlarge the entrances, but never got around to doing the job. Then came the martins. This time, however, a woodpecker accompanied them. For what purpose? Well, here is the story in the officer's own words.

"I didn't have to wonder long as to why that woodpecker was with the martins," he said, "for it went right to work, pecking away like a machine gun until it made the holes big enough for the martins to get into the house. The woodpecker then took off, and the martins moved in."

# Wait Till You See Them!

Our brand new Animal Calendars for 1955 have arrived and they're better than ever! Twelve entirely different, rich color photos and a clever new greeting card cover combine to make this Animal Calendar something to be cherished.

They'll be the most distinctive and talked-about Christmas cards you've ever sent. We guarantee your friends will beg you for one (or more!). If the pressure gets too great, just refer them to us and we'll try to satisfy their demands.

Here's how you can obtain them:

PRICE: Ridiculously low!  
\$1.00 for a box of  
ten with envelopes  
for mailing.

MINIMUM ORDER ACCEPTED:  
One box. Sold only in lots of ten!  
SIZE: The same as last year, a  
handy 4 1/2" x 6 1/2".

DISCOUNTS: 10% on orders for 1,000 or more calendars. (Societies for animal protection: please write for courtesy discount information.)

Please address all ORDERS and INQUIRIES to: CALENDAR DEPT., Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## ARE YOU A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER?

IF NOT—If you are a new friend who has no subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, this is your chance to subscribe for a whole year (12 issues) at 1/3 off our regular price of \$1.50. Yes, we now offer *new* subscriptions for only one dollar.

IF SO—If you are what we like to call an old friend, we offer you this opportunity to save money and yet send this magazine where you think it is needed and wanted. You may order any number of *new* subscriptions at just one dollar apiece!

BUT, PLEASE—Include or mention the coupon below to obtain this special rate.

I wish to take advantage of your  
**SPECIAL NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER**  
Please enter the enclosed *new*  
subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

OFFER GOOD ONLY ON ORDERS RECEIVED BEFORE THE END OF  
SEPTEMBER, 1954. **Better Act Now!**

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

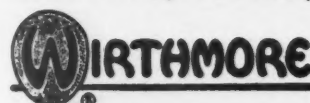
Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



My boss is mighty good to me  
Although I've got no pedigree.  
He feeds me Wirthmore every day  
And am I healthy? I should say!



**DOG FOOD**

*Contains Chlorophyllin*

MEAL • PELLETS • KIBBLED DISCUNT

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ESTABLISHED 1886  
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Write for location of  
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THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

OR

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Since 1832

**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**

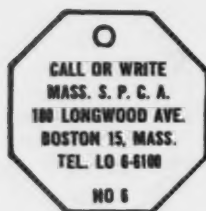
**Funeral Service**

Local—Suburban—Distant

## Sorry, We're Sold Out!

Thanks to your overwhelming response to our Library Set offers, we are now completely sold out of Bound Volumes of OUR DUMB ANIMALS. We truly regret that we can no longer fill any orders for any editions.

**THIS SPACE  
CONTRIBUTED**



## Dog Identity Tag

**S**HOULD your dog become lost how much chance have you of getting him back? The chances are good if he was wearing a collar and license tag and some person, finding him, would take the trouble to call the proper official to find out the identity of the owner—provided, also, that there was co-operation by the license bureau.

This, however, is at times very unsatisfactory and could involve expensive long distance calls or long waits for letters to be exchanged.

Being vitally interested in this matter, our Society has set up a Dog Identity Bureau in an effort to assist in the return of lost dogs to their owners.

The first step was to secure the tags, like the actual-size illustration above. These are in brass with an S-shaped hook to attach to your dog's collar. Each tag is numbered and this number is assigned permanently to your dog so that he can always be easily identified.

When ordering an identification tag please be sure to give the dog's name, sex, breed, color and any markings which might help to identify him. Also include the owner's name, address and telephone number.

All this information will be transferred to a card bearing the tag number so that if someone finds your dog and sends us the number on the tag we can easily get in touch with you and pass on the whereabouts of your pet.

The only cost to you is fifty cents (\$.50) for the tag. This price covers registration and all clerical work connected with the Bureau.

Lost tags may be replaced at an additional cost of \$.25. Be sure to notify us promptly in case of change of address, change of ownership of dog, or the death of your dog.

Send all orders for identification tags to:

**MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.**

### ORDER FOR "DOG IDENTITY TAG"

I enclose my check for \$ ..... Please send ..... tags

Name of Dog ..... Sex ..... Breed .....

Color ..... Markings .....

Name of Owner .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Telephone .....



